and children, from up-state and elsewhere, were hastening toward Fifth Avenue. At dawn hundreds were waiting on the curb. By 7 a. m. the great grandstand that stretched from Fifty-ninth Street to 110th had begun to fill.

### Police Fail to Keep Avenue Clear of Crowds

By 8 the sidewalks were filled and the police began to have trouble with the tremendous crowd that evinced a desire to flow out until it met in the centre of the avenue. From then on, until the last rank had tramped by, the bluecoats fought a losing battle with the ever-increasing crowd. From Fifty-ninth Street north, where the long grandstand flanked the avenue, patrolmen and police reserves were able to keep some semblance of order. Below the Plaza, however, they were forced to fight to right and left to keep the avenue clear, and did not succeed.

At 8 o'clock all traffic on Fifth Avenue was turned into Madison, and the thoroughfare was kept clear of vehicles for the automobiles of the Mayor's Committee and its guests and other cars which sped southward, carrying the wounded of the 27th to Washington Square. There were a thousand or more of these, some in the final stage of convalescence, others still bandaged and trussed and smiling weakly at the cheers that hailed them.

Meanwhile by subway, elevated and afoot, the troops were pouring into Washington Square and the streets that radiate from it. At 10 o'clock a platoon of mounted police swung into line above the arch and started slowly up the avenue. Behind them rolled the caisson and back of that the service flag was carried.

### Crowds Keep Silent As Caisson Goes By

High against the blue sky rose the great ramparts of buildings, each window filled with faces, facades swathed in scarlet, white and blue. From every flagstaff the Stars and Stripes gleamed in the brilliant sunlight and here and there golden banners with the divisional insignia blazoned thereon in black and crimson shone amid the clouds of bunting.

Far away through the soft spring haze glittered the white bulk of the uncompleted Victory Arch. Toward this the caisson rolled through bareheaded silent crowds. There was no noise from the sidewalks, only the clatter of horses' hoofs and the soft rumble of the wheels.

Once the thunderous drone of an aeroplane sounded overhead, and a great white machine, wings shimmering in the clear light of the upper air, dipped and then veered away like a gull.

Men and women who had been fighting with the police to obtain a vantage point, stood silent as the caisson with its load of flowers passed. Once or twice above the rattle of the hoofs there came the half suppressed sound of sobbing. In the stillness that fell upon the hitherto boisterous crowd, it almost seemed that the noise of hoofs was the footsteps of a following, unseen host.

### Medal Winner Cuts Cord And Opens City to Troops

Sunlight fell full on the great Victory Arch, turning the plaster into ivory and silver. From the pylons of the approach, four balloons floated the flags of the Allies. To the right, where the Altar of Liberty stood, were ranked a hundred French seamen from the cruiser Marseillaise. A group of Allied officers stood at attention on the steps of the altar.

Across the main opening of the arch was stretched a silken cord. Beside it stood Sergeant Reidar Waaler, Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion, winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor and the British Distinguished Service Cross, an unsheathed trench knife in his hand.

The caisson jolted across the car tracks and approached the arch. The surging crowd stood still, bare-headed. Police, who a moment before had been battling, came to attention. The French sailors and the Allied officers snapped their arms upward to salute. A musician raised his bugle.

"Go to sleep! Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sle-e-ep!"

The peaceful, almost tender, strains of "Taps" floated out through the stillness. Waaler's knife flashed and the cord dropped. Through the archway passed the caisson, carrying its burden into the heart of the welcome that the city waited to render those who returned.

The esplanade of the Library had been transformed into what the Mayor's Committee christened "The Court of the Victorious Dead." Here great sheaves of gilded javelins held aloft draperies of purple and white. Upon their shafts hung shields. There were six of the sheaves. On the two centres were hung shields of Roman design bearing the divisional insignia of the 27th. Between them was stretched a netting, on which was the name of each of the thirty engagements in which the division took part.

### Great Wreath Is Lifted From Court of Dead

Before this stood Spanish and Civil War veterans. When the caisson stopped these came forward and lifted the great wreath it bore. A block away a band played the Chopin Funeral March. The music died away as the wreath was placed before the Roll of Honor. From the steps of the Library a chorus began softly:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord"——

The veterans, old men and those of stout middle age, came to the salute. Thus they remained until the last note of the Battle Hymn had died away and the caission bearing its floral tribute and followed by the men with the service flag, had passed on up the avenue.

After a short interval the automobiles carrying those members of the 27th who had been wounded in battle streamed up the avenue. Cheers followed them—cheers that came from constricted throats, for just ahead of them rolled the caission with its memory of the dead.

Many of them were so nearly recovered they had lost their hospital pallor and were able to jest and skylark. Others leaned back in the tonneaus, grinning feebly, swathed in bandages. One man sat with a wistful smile listening to the roar of cheering. It was all that he could do, for a bandage lay heavy across his eyes.

### Police Dam Gives Way Before Cheering Crowd

Meanwhile, on the lower avenue, about the Victory Arch, the police dam had given way before the pressure of the crowd. Men and women surged out into the middle of the thoroughfare while the perspiring, desperate patrolmen endeavored vainly to push them back. There were not enough of the bluecoats, and the best they could do was to clear a narrow passageway. Above the arch the police lines also began to bend and buckle. The contagion spread to the lower portion of the thoroughfare also, and for nearly an hour after the wounded men had started north the fighting men of the 27th waited for a passageway to be cleared. In the confusion a score of persons were knocked down and trampled upon.

At the reviewing stand in front of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Governor Smith and a host of notables, military and civil, waited for the head of the parade to come into view.

Now and again airplanes would come winging from the south, wheel above the museum and dart away again. The wait was so long that the West Point Cadet Corps, who had stood for an hour like a wall of gray stone, were ordered to "stand at ease," and shortly thereafter broke into song, chanting several academy ditties to the delight of the crowd.

### Cadets Form Guard Three Blocks Long

From Eightieth to Eighty-third Street the gray ranks of the cadets formed the guard of honor. For a block above them the Old Guard, in white tunics and bearskin shakoes, stood at attention. Governor Smith and the reviewing party occupied a stand on the east of the avenue. Opposite them was a canopied section of the great structure that ran from Fifty-ninth Street to 110th Street. In this sat members of the Mayor's committee and guests of the city.

Behind them rose the façade of the museum, the great columns at the portal capped with star-spangled blue drapery, from which fell curtains of red and white stripes. Evergreen chains were looped from column to column and across their front was displayed in gold letters:

"That They Have Not Died in Vain."

It was midday when the first intimation that O'Ryan's men were on their way came to those in the official stand. Far down the avenue flags began to flutter violently from the stand and to the ears of those who waited came the roar of far off cheering.

Slowly this gathered volume. The cadet officers sang out a command, and the corps snapped into a rigid rank. The crowd that packed the east sidewalk made one final effort to break into the street, and were pushed back for the dozenth time by the police.

### O'Ryan Leads Soldiers In Victory March Again

The cheering was nearer now. Some of those in the stand caught the contagion and shouted, though the head of the column was still blocks away. Presently a troop of mounted police clattered past, and a few rods behind them O'Ryan led his soldiers on the march, probably for the last time.

He sat his brown charger easily and with the erect carriage of the soldier. The explosions of cheering that came from right and left did not draw his eyes away from a point just above his mount's ears. But he showed that he heard them, for time after time, his arm rose semaphore-like to the salute.

He was bringing the state's men back to her again. Behind him they marched, 25,000 fighters, lean and hard-bitten. They were not the gay, careless lads that he had led away. They were veterans who had shattered the vaunted defence system that Germany believed never could be broken. There were new hard lines in the faces beneath the saucer-like steel helmets, and the slim soldierly man who rode before them had aged since last he led his troops through the city.

Behind him rode a line of Allied officers, brilliant decorations flashing on their breasts. Back of them were the members of his staff, and then rank after rank of infantry. As far down the avenue as the eye could see they came, bayonets glittering in the sun, shoulders swinging a little against the pull of their heavy marching order packs, rows of helmets bobbing in time.

Bands crashed and blared, but the roar of cheering drowned them out. Voices called the marching men by name, but they obeyed the orders issued Monday and never raised their eyes from the shoulders of the man in front.

### Aged Man Risks Fall To Cheer Doughboys

Men and women in the stands waved flags frantically. Strangers beat each other upon the back and shrieked unintelligible things to the ranks that tramped past. From a window of one of the big houses near Eightieth Street an old man, bald of head and red of face, leaned so far out that he was in continual danger of toppling to the pavement.

He cheered the general as he passed, but when the first line of brown-faced, brown-habited doughboys tramped into view he cast all dignity to the four winds and howled like the smallest boy dancing up and down on the curb.

"Whoop!" he squalled. "Whoop! Whee! Aroo!"

A butler tapped him on the shoulder, and when this had no effect attempted to haul him back to comparative safety. The old man was drawn in—for a second, just long enough to place his hand in the middle of his outraged servitor's face and push him away. Then he appeared at the window again, like a Swiss clock cuckoo, and for the three hours and a half that it took the long column to go by let no minute pass quietly.

Overhead the long-drawn thunder of 'planes mingled with the bellow that arose from the crowd below. Past the reviewing stand O'Ryan's charger paced, and there was something of triumph and something of the air of one who gives an account of his stewardship in the salute he rendered the Governor—head of the state whose men he led to war.

# *Throngs Could Have Wiped Out Foe's Line, Says O'Ryan*

"We broke through the Hindenburg line all right, but, oh my! with that crowd we could have wiped it out."

This terse observation by Major General O'Ryan as the commander of the 27th Division sat on his horse and looked up Fifth Avenue before the parade started yesterday perhaps tells more eloquently even than a photograph the story of the difficulties encountered by his soldiers along the line of march because of the great crowd.

It was a march that would have been arduous enough for the doughboys even had they not carried sixty-pound packs and ten-pound rifles and had a clear lane through which to trek.

But, with their heavy marching orders and "tin" hats to weigh them down, they were confronted with the hard task of breaking through a human barrier, the sole object of which seemed to be to engulf them and carry them away on its shoulders.

This jam of humanity prevailed all the way up Fifth Avenue, and because of it the plans of General O'Ryan's staff were smashed to smithereens. Instead of a close formation march, such as had been announced days in advance, the officers simply forgot orders and manœuvred their men with the one idea of getting them to 110th Street and past the commander, who reviewed them at that point. The start from Washington Square was delayed an hour because of the confusion.

### O'Ryan Stops Frequently

From the time Major General O'Ryan started he was compelled to make frequent stops. There was a twinkle in his eyes that proved he was pleased, no matter what the obstacles.

When the marchers reached Eighteenth Street, wounded soldiers rose to their feet and stood at attention as General O'Ryan approached. He seemed much affected as he returned their greeting. They were all in the regulation hospital attire—bath robes, slippers, pajamas and blankets. Some of them were "stretcher cases," men who have been bedridden for months.

It was at Twenty-third Street that what probably was the worst jam of the parade occurred. It was impossible for the police band, which was in the van, to budge an inch. Less than eight feet separated the spectators on the east and west sides of the street, and the policemen were helpless. Lieutenant Colonel Kincaid, Judge Advocate General of the division, who has been in charge of the parade arrangements, rushed up in an automobile, accompanied by Grover Whalen, secretary to the Mayor, and conferred with his chief.

"It's terrible up above," he said; "I don't see how we ever are going to get through."

Mr. Whalen advised General O'Ryan it might be well to issue orders to the officers of the units in line that they could break their formations to get through the narrow lane and not adhere strictly to the instructions previously issued. General O'Ryan agreed. Thus the march was made virtually all the way from the Victory Arch at Twenty-third Street to the Court of Honor, opposite the Library at Forty-second Street, in the formation known as a column of squads, with the marchers four abreast.

The horse of Father Kelly, chaplain of the division, was struck by spectators at Twenty-seventh Street, and it bolted. It ran blindly and knocked down a reporter. He was not hurt, however.

### Older Veterans Pay Tribute

Veterans of the Civil and Spanish-American wars were seated in front of the Library. When the parade reached that point the veterans arose and made a snappy salute. It was returned a score of times as the younger soldiers rode over the sanded street.

Father Kelly, in front of the Cathedral, was presented with a great bouquet of roses and carried them until he reached the Court of Jewels, at Fifty-ninth Street. There a halt was made directly in front of a stand filled with Red Cross nurses. Many of them asked for roses and got them. Finally he dismounted. Taking those he had left to one of the nurses, he asked her if she would see they got to his mother.

As the troops approached the great grandstand a great shout went up and it appeared never to die throughout the long stretch from Sixtieth to 110th Streets. From windows and private grandstands on the east side of the avenue the demonstration was the same. It was lusty-lunged yelling and a waving of banners. Two aeroplanes flew at such low altitude they appeared to be brushing the tops of the trees in Central Park.

When 110th Street finally was reached Major General O'Ryan and his staff, and Allied officers who accompanied them, swung to the east, where they reviewed the entire line of march. A snappy "eyes right" was given here and the long column continued its swing to the north, where it marched into the side streets and disbanded.

### Men of 54th Brigade Wear Green Helmets

Following the Headquarters Troop marched the 54th Infantry Brigade, comprising the 108th and 107th regiments, all wearing brilliant green helmets, on which the insignia of the 27th had been stamped. Brigadier General Palmer E. Pierce rode at their head.

They were succeeded by the 53d Brigade, under the command of Brigadier General Charles I. DeBevoise, who led the 107th to France and was promoted in the field. After the 105th and 106th Infantry came the 104th, 105th and 106th Machine Gun battalions, led by Lieutenant Colonel Edward McLeer, and following them, Lieutenant Colonel William S. Conrow with the 102d Engineers, and Major Arthur L. Howe with the 102d Field Artillery Brigade.

The men wore no decorations, though scores of them possess medals for valor, bestowed by British, French, Belgian and American governments. Only the gold chevrons told of the months in action and of the wounds suffered. One out of almost every five wore on the right sleeve the little golden angle that spoke of blood spilled for the cause.

The 52d Field Artillery, with Brigadier General George A. Wingate riding ahead, passed on foot. Separated from their division when they landed in France, they worked the French 75s and 155s behind many another line of their countrymen, and, returning, left their guns behind them.

### Parade May Be Troops' Last March With O'Ryan

The 104th, 105th and 106th regiments marched by in order and were followed by the 102d Trench Mortar Battery, under Captain Charles Pearson and the 102d Trains Headquarters under Colonel Kirby Walker. This latter comprised the 102d Sanitary Train, 102d Ammunition Train, 102d Mobile Ordnance Repair Shop, 102d Supply Train and 102d Engineer Train.

Base Hospital Unit 37, a Military police detachment and a Red Cross unit, completed the roster.

At 110th Street the police band, which had headed the parade, swung to the left. O'Ryan and the Allied officers and his staff wheeled to the right and drew up in reviewing formation, the general in front, then the Allied officers and behind them his staff.

There he sat, while the splendid division marched past, "eyes right." He did not stir until the last rank had vanished toward the dismissal point above 114th Street. His face was grave as the men swung by, still fresh after their five-mile tramp.

The march of the men yesterday before their commander, while the cheers of the city's welcome still surged about them, may well have been the last greeting of the "roughnecks" to O'Ryan before the 27th Division ceases to be a unit and becomes only a bright page in the history of America's part in the war.